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# The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door

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New and Popular Song, entitled

# THE BOYS of OLD ERIN the GREEN

You true hearted sons of Hibernia,  
I hope you'll attend for a while,  
To a song I am going for to sing you,  
In praise of old Erin's green isle;  
Concerning that terrible battle,  
Where bloodshed and battery was seen,  
With the beef-eating bullies of England,  
And the boys of Old Erin the green,

Chorus—

Hurrah, for the sons of the Shamrock  
Who always victorious have been;  
And where is the nation can equal  
The boys of Old Erin the Green.

To cut down the English harvest,  
Some hearty gay fellows did go  
From the Counties of Clare, Louth, Leitrim,  
Roscommon, Kildare and Mayo,  
From Counties Tyrone, Cork, and Cavan,  
The boys of Tipperary were seen;  
Each man had a twig of shillelagh,  
That grow in Old Erin the Green.—Chorus

Being dry, they went into an ale house,  
They joined to drink whisky and beer;  
Each man drank a favourite toast,  
To his wife or sweetheart so dear.  
And they sang of the land of their fathers,  
Where oppression and sufferings were seen,  
Which caused many hundreds to roam  
Away from Old Erin the Green.—Chorus.

At length they all emptied their glasses,  
For that being the hiring day,  
To look for masters and likewise high wages,  
To the market-place they took their way.  
The English they assembled in hundreds,  
Where all sorts of weapons were seen,  
Determined they were for to slaughter  
The boys of Old Erin the Green.—Chorus.

The town it was took and retaken,  
Three times in the course of that day;  
"I'm afraid, boys, we're going to be beaten,  
Barney Murphy to them he did say.  
Never, cried Barney M'Closkey,  
M'Brerty, O'Neill, and M'Quall,  
Shall the English say that they conquered  
The boys of Old Erin the Green.—Chorus.

They gave a loud cheer for Old Ireland,  
And forward once more they did go,  
The town it was quickly retaken,  
And quickly they banished their foe.  
The beef-eating cowardly English,  
From that day quite submissive have been,  
For fear of another encounter with  
The boys of Old Erin the Green.—Chorus.



## THE STONE OUTSIDE DAN MURPHY'S DOOR.

—10—

There's a neat garden spot in my memory  
The place I was born and reared;  
'Tis long years ago since I left there,  
I'll return if my life it is spared,  
To all my friends and companions  
Who assemble each night by the score,  
Around Dan Murphy's shop we often stopped,  
As the stone stood outside of the door.

Chorus—

These days in my heart I will cherish,  
Contented although I am poor,  
And the songs that we sung in the days when we  
were young,  
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

Now boys when our day's work is over,  
In winter or summer the same,  
The boys and the girls they'd assemble  
And join in some innocent game;  
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,  
While the daughter looked after the store,  
The music would ring to the songs we would sing,  
On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

My thoughts often recalls back my memory,  
To the scenes of my childhood at home,  
The friends and companions I left there,  
It was poverty forced me to roam;  
But since in this world I have prospered,  
My heart it rejoices as of yore;  
My memory does fly to the days that's gone by,  
And the stone outside Dan Murphy's Door.